

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# BLOW THE CANDLE OUT.

Air:—"A Bottle More."

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Mr. Albert Binks a bachelor, and a city clerk,  
Frolicsome and gay, fond of a jolly lark.  
Considered very seriously for a wife would look about;  
The thought at night would haunt him, as he blew the candle out.  
With a fol de lol de li do, fol de lol de da.

One night, at a party, an extra glass did take:  
Post-office pillars, lamp posts for men he did mistake;  
A door he opened, went up stairs, ne'er thought to look about,  
Rolled on the bed, had sense enough to blow the candle out.  
With a fol de lol de li do, &c.

Very soon was Binks asleep—not long was he there,  
When a light pit-pat sounded on the stair:  
A lady walked into the room, surprised was without doubt,  
Exclaimed: good gracious; who has been and blown the candle out;  
With a fol de lol de li do, &c.

To obtain a light down stairs she went: in the meantime Binks behold,  
Through a sudden movement, beneath the bed had rolled.  
The lady very soon returned, ne'er thought to look about;  
Soon to bed she went, and blew the candle out.  
With fol de lol de li do, &c.

Poor Binks had a fearful cold, of course, like many more,  
As he lay upon his back, very loud did he snore:  
The lady felt uneasy, could not make it out,  
When Binks in his sleep cried: blow the candle out!  
With a fol de lol de li do, &c.

The lady shrieked—Binks soon awoke thinking he was in bed;  
Up he rose, the mattress came in contact with his head;  
The lady's shouts the house had roused, who running were about;  
Binks stammered out; why, where am I? who blew the candle out?  
With a fol de lol de li do, &c.

The wrong house Binks had entered, the wrong room too, likewise;  
Of course, what could he do, but apologise?  
Said he; Miss. I will marry you: for a wife I have sought about,  
Of single life I am tired, would you blow my candle out?  
With a fol de lol de li do, &c.

His offer she accepted, man'd was without delay—  
In conclusion, to the ladies I have but to say;  
Be advised, beneath your beds, at nights, look well about,  
And see there's no one there, before, you blow the candle out!  
With a fol de lol de li do, &c.

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**CARD AND JOB PRINTING ROOMS,**  
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